

**SPECTACULAR SPOOKY READERS' OFFER INSIDE**

**MARVEL®**  
11th Aug 90

**N°113 45p**

© 1984 Columbia Pictures  
Industries Inc.

# **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™**



ISSN 0954-9404



9 770954 940011

**SPECTACULAR SPOOKY READERS' OFFER INSIDE**

**MARVEL®**  
11th Aug 90

# **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™**

**N°113 45p**

© 1984 Columbia Pictures  
Industries Inc.



ISSN 0954-9404



32

9 770954 940011



The Real Ghostbusters' new satellite TV dish is picking up more than just Slimer's favourite programmes. So there are ghosts galore in this week's **Winston Diary**, but which Ghostbuster will be able to tear himself away from the screen long enough to bust them?

There's also some dastardly deeds *going down* down under, and so our globe-trotting heroes have to journey to Australia to have a *wail* of a time busting a banshee in **Wailing Matilda!**

Later on, you should keep your eyes peeled for a fantastic **Dolland and Aitchison Reader's Offer**, in which you could win fifty Real Ghostbusters Spectacles Cases that look just like the pouches that the Ghostbusters have attached to their belts.

## CONTENTS

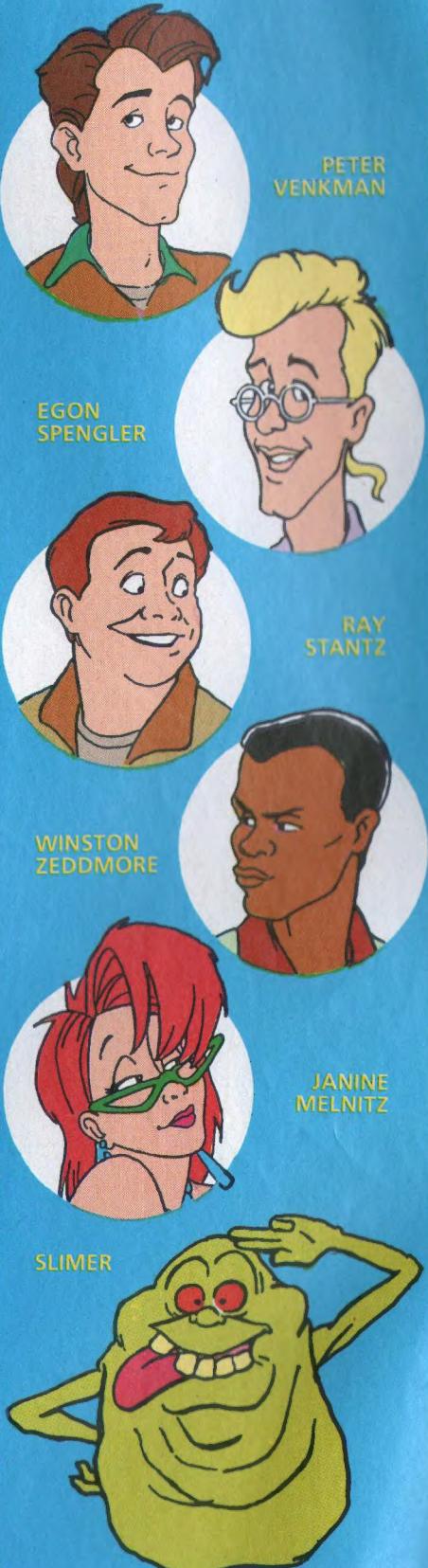
<b>Wailing Matilda!</b>	3
Spengler's Spirit Guide	9
<b>Winston's Diary</b>	10
Ghostbusters' Fact File: <b>Icebox Demon</b>	13
<b>Toad Island!</b> – Part Two	15
Slime Time	20
<b>Blimey! It's Slimer!</b>	21
Dead True	22
Ghost Writing	23
Next Issue Box/ <b>Dolland &amp; Aitchison Readers' Offer</b>	24

Cover by ANDY LANNING, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS  
 Editor STUART BARTLETT Assistant Editor DEBORAH TATE  
 Spirit Guide DAN ABNETT

**ABC**

MEMBER OF THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS  
 THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™ is published by MARVEL COMICS LTD., 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2. THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS title, logo design (including the HQ logo featured on this page) characters, artwork and stories are copyright © 1984 Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. and copyright © 1990 Columbia Pictures Television, a division of CPT Holdings, Inc. All rights reserved. The GHOSTBUSTERS logo and logo design are licensed trademarks from Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. All other material is copyright © 1990 Marvel Comics Ltd. All rights reserved. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with any living, dead or undead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the UK and distributed by Comag.

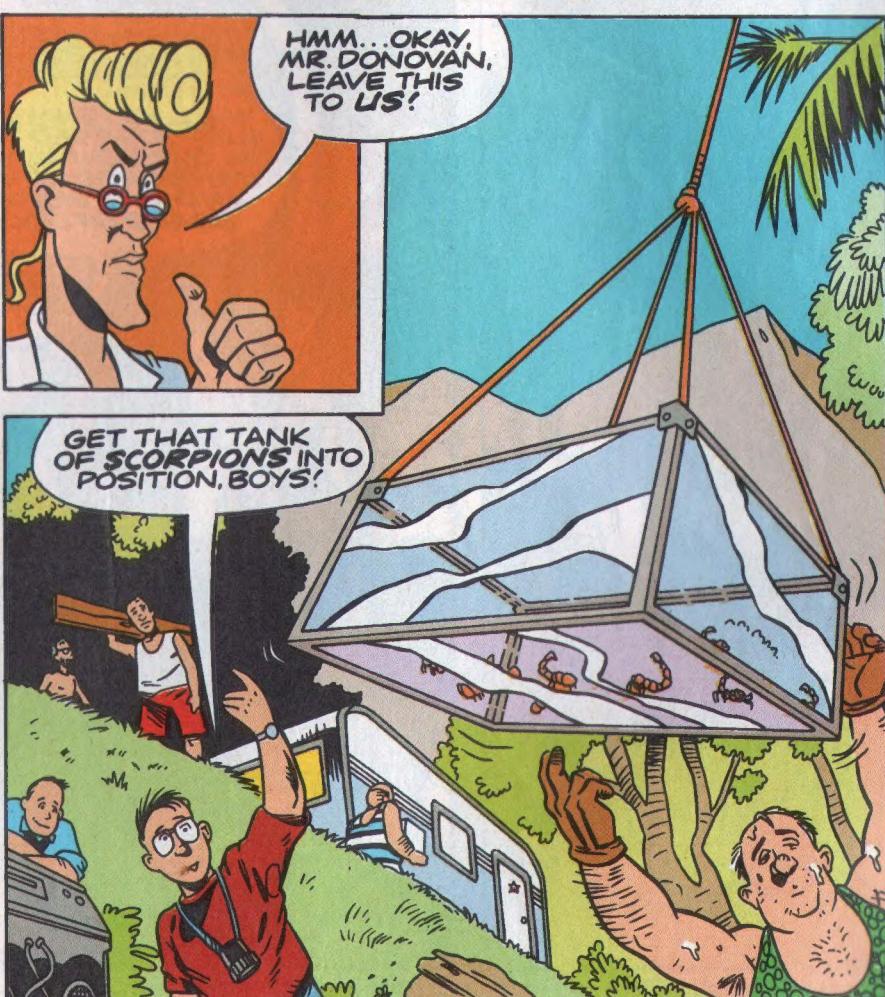
# THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™

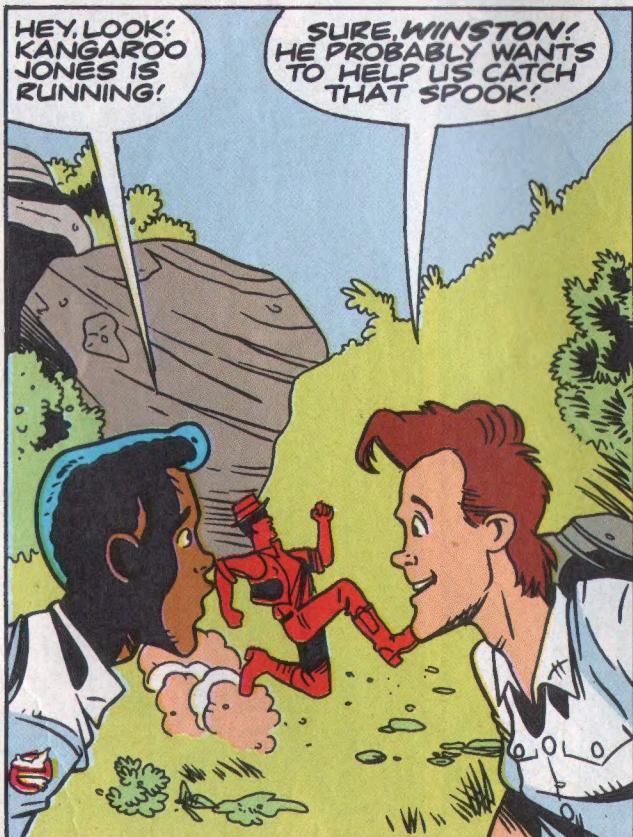
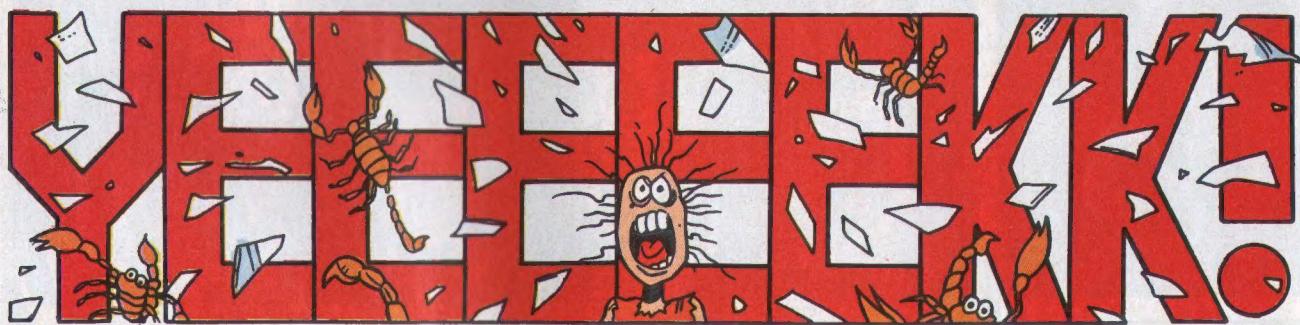
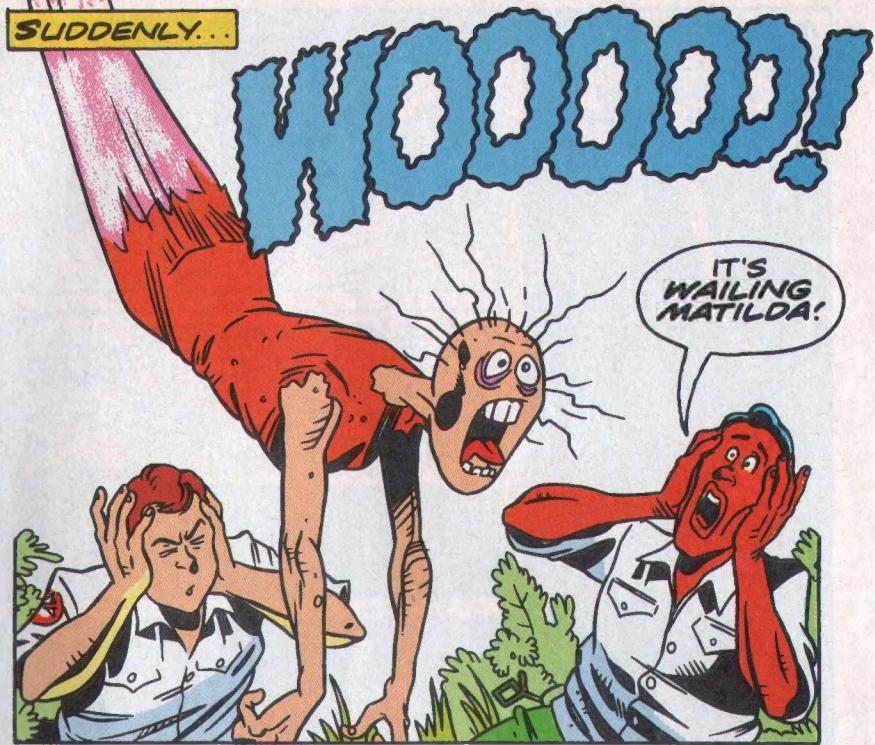


# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

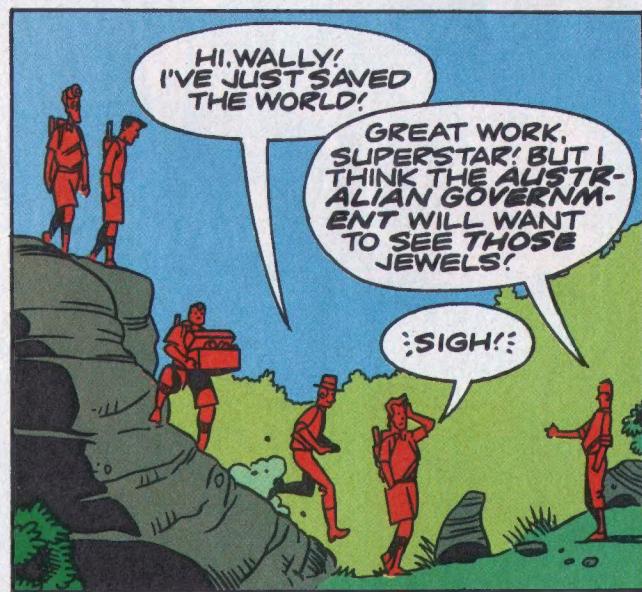
## WAILING MATILDA!





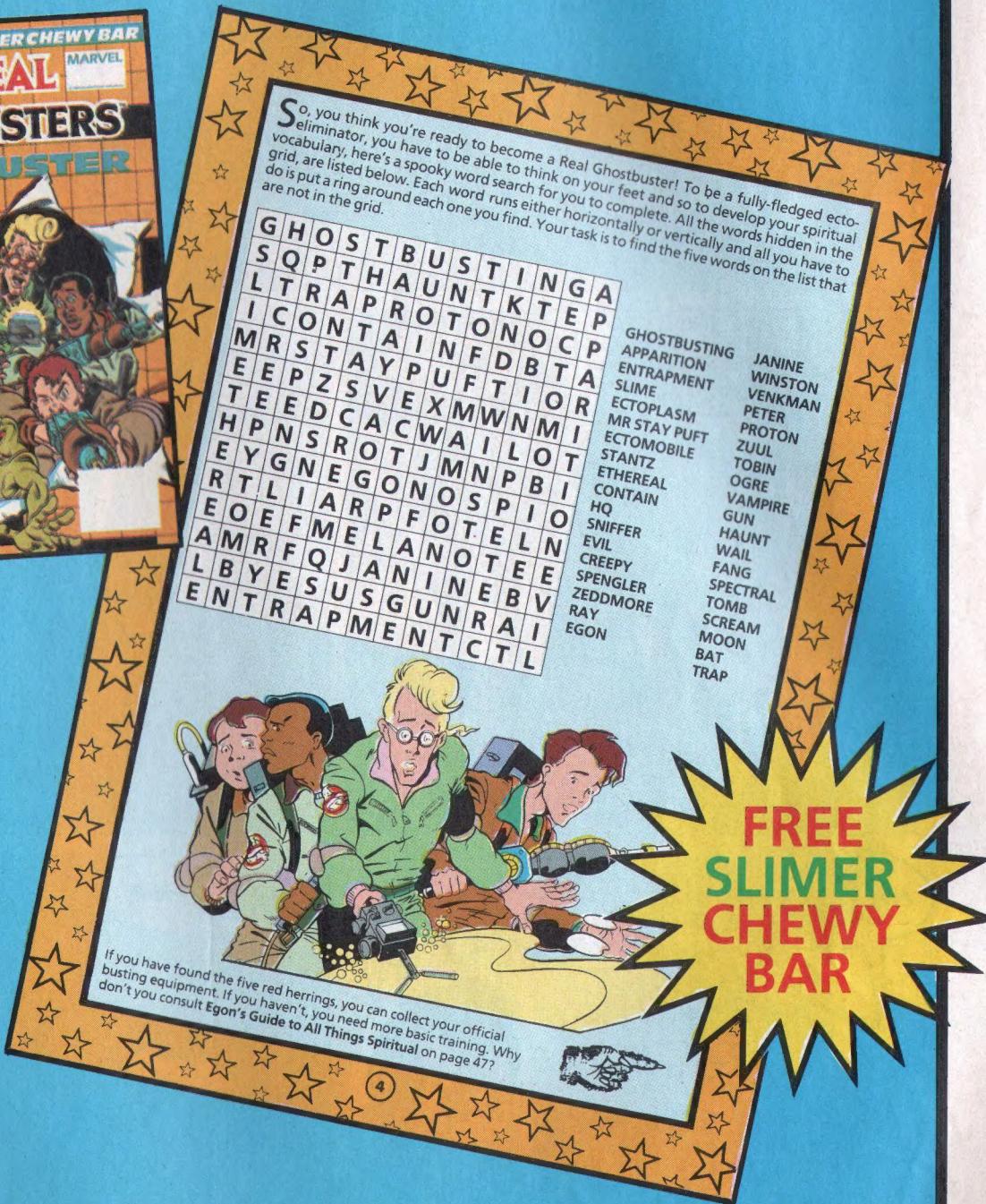
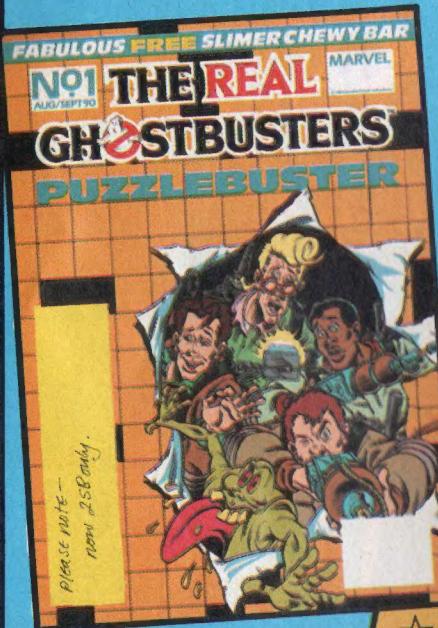






HAVE YOU EVER WISHED THAT YOU  
COULD BE A **REAL** GHOSTBUSTER  
AND GO ON A **REAL** ADVENTURE?

Well, now you can – puzzles, mazes, quizzes, adventure PLUS a  
**FREE** Slimer chewy bar to really get your teeth into!



# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS PUZZLEBUSTER! ISSUE ONE ON SALE NOW! BI-MONTHLY FROM MARVEL

# SPENGER'S SPIRIT GUIDE



## PART 113

Australian reader Scott Tully wrote to me asking why there was so little documented about the ghosts of his homeland. To be fair, the subject has been approached by a number of researchers, but their books aren't readily available these days. Probably the best is Nolene Ramsey's *Flibbertigibbets of the Antipodes*. Sadly, only about a hundred copies of this erudite work were ever published and, even more sadly, they were muddled by the printers into a massive run of Holiday Specials based on the ever-popular soap *The Young Flying Daughters and their Doctors*. If you do see a copy of this in the shops, with the familiar smiling faces of the much loved Codene, Crimpolene, Windowlene and Acetalene on the cover, check it out – it could be very valuable.

Also worth a look is Sir Barry Pilchard's *Fair Demon Dinkum*, which the author describes as a 'handy barbie-side guide to every Australian's not-so-good neighbours'. Sir Baz (as he calls himself) is not the world's greatest expert in the field of paranormalogy, but he makes up for his lack of knowledge with terrific enthusiasm and repeated use of the word 'ripper'. Expect to be confused by the chapter on the ghost of the Gladys Falls Ripper, where

the cast of characters and Sir Baz's diction get horribly and irrevocably confused.

Vondahuck has a chapter on the ghost of Ned Colly in his book *You've Got To Laugh, Haven't You?* Ned Colly was the outlaw who got his head stuck in a watering can whilst trying to hide from the police and spent the rest of his existence wandering the Outback mumbling 'Oh, go on, mate, have a heart, give the spout a tug' in a hollow, echoing voice. Likewise, Norm Kibbley devotes a third of his book *Otherworldly Intrusions Into The Material Dimension* to the association between the myths of the Aborigine and the paranormal features of the land. Kibbley first draws a connection between the so-called 'Songlines', traditional routes across the Outback used by the Aborigines, and the Occult, suggesting

the Songlines, if mapped, would reveal themselves to be a massive interdimensional circuit aimed at the demons of the otherworld to keep them away. An interesting concept, marred when he suggests the existence, alongside the Songlines, of Aboriginal Washing Lines and Phone Lines. Also that Ayers Rock is an enormous traffic light for space craft that goes red at sunset to stop UFO's landing after dark. Norm Kibbley can be written to: c/o The Thelma Gonk Long-Stay Home for The Well-Meaning, but Unhinged, Girdletug Flats, New South Wales. The Aussie adventurer and game-hunter, Gecko Fife, has faced single-handedly, and killed, so many ravening Australian reptiles that the collected hides are enough for him to have them made into a glove. He is rumoured to be saving up for the other glove, but this is said to be unnecessary, for as I previously mentioned, he is single-handed, following a brush with an enraged axolotl. Fife is rumoured to be haunted by the spirits of all the reptiles that he has seen off, all out for revenge, and also the spirit of a rather surprised kangaroo that he strafed in mistake for a frilled lizard. Further work on the Fife hauntings is pending, but all I can say is: serves him right.



Story DAN ABNETT Art ANDY LANNING and STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS

*Wednesday, 1st August 1990*

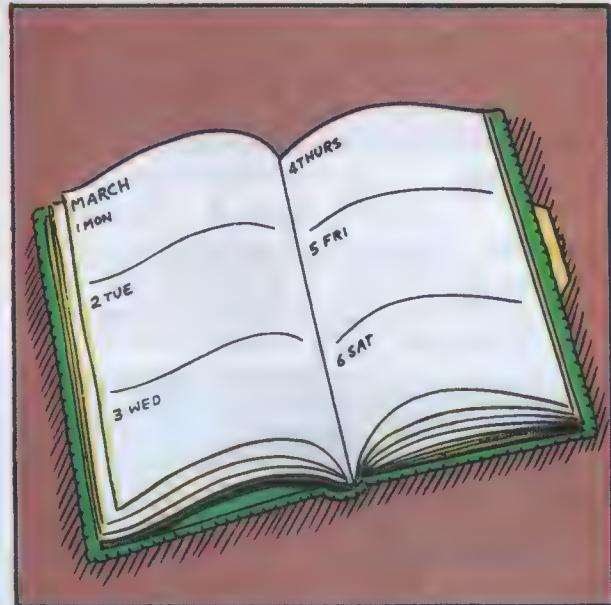
Today, two shabby men in grey overalls turned up, screwed a metal lump (that looked like a coat-hanger wound round a flattened head-gasket) to the side of the HQ building, and charged Ray \$500 for doing it. It was inevitable, I suppose. Ray is mad keen about all and any technology, and when he read about the new subscriber-only satellite TV systems, he had to have one. He's been saving up for six months, so now he could finally afford one, we all had to show our appreciation and admiration for the wonders of televisual technology by standing around the TV set ooh-ing and aaah-ing at the marvels displayed. Satellite TV offers a whole range of new channels. Ray tried them all in turn. One channel showed non-stop movies (the same three movies non-stop one after the other), one showed a season of movies that no one had wanted to see even at the pictures, another repeated classic current affairs programmes of the seventies, and the remaining nineteen were sports channels, with some great minority interest programming on offer such as coverage of the 1976 Tiddlywink World Championship in Helsinki, Sub-aqua Badminton for the Partially Sighted, and Pro-Celebrity Cheese Making, live from Holland.

We sat and tolerated this with Ray for an hour or so, then all of us sprang to our feet, yelled "Ray, you were robbed!" in unison and went off to find something more fulfilling to do like defrosting the fridge, polishing the bannisters or flossing Slimer's teeth.

You get less than you bargained for with satellite TV.

*Thursday, 2nd August 1990*

You get more than you bargained for with satellite TV. Trouble first raised its ugly head when Slimer raised his ugly head over the desk and grinned at me, his teeth gleaming from four recent, feverish flossings. I glanced up wearily from the scale model of a Frank Lloyd Wright Family Home, incorporating side garage



with up-and-over door, that I was building from a pack of cards and said "Well?"

"Winsy-tony buddy-buddy... changee-channelly-wannelly-flannelly?" he implored me, shaking the desk so much in his nervousness that the neatly built-up town house became a badly thrown-down full house.

"Get Ray to do it, lil' buddy," I snapped. "I'm trying to pay homage to the significant influences in American Urban Architecture here." I was pretty sure that with another two packs of cards from the bezique set plus the chance and community chest packs from our Monopoly game, I'd have enough to construct the Guggenheim Museum in 1:32 scale.

"Ray-sie wasie switched off-woffy," Slimer explained unhelpfully. I then knew it was time to go and look for myself. I must say, I was expecting to find Ray blotto in front of the box thanks to the hypnotic lethargy induced by nine hours of synchronised pancake tossing from Dusseldorf. I wasn't expecting to find him sitting bolt upright, eyes staring, whilst the TV writhed, distorted, twitched and sprayed gobs of ectoplasm round the room. There were pictures flickering across the screen which I wouldn't have wanted to describe even if I could. Something very, very nasty was oozing upwards through the air at the back of the

set. Vaporous faces blurred into being and looked down into the room with spectral fury.

"Prime time slime in glorious Ecto-vision . . ." hissed a voice from the disgusting mass, ". . . guaranteed captive audience." I realised that if I looked for another moment, I would become as entranced as Ray. I sprinted out of the lounge faster than a hungry cheetah in a fast food restaurant.



Peter was asleep on a sun-bed in the HQ laundry, waiting as his multi-coloured and faintly embarrassing undergarments thundered around in the tumble drier. I grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and tried to shake him awake, but the violent action caused the sun-bed to collapse and we ended up in a confused heap on the floor, with me gibbering inanely and Peter mumbling crossly. When you've been a Real Ghostbuster as long as we have, you learn to respond quickly and professionally to any emergency, even if that emergency has roused you from a deep sleep. You don't argue, you don't ask questions, you just follow the call and you bust without wondering why, where or what.

Peter is, of course, a seasoned professional. From the moment he woke, he started to chase me round the laundry yelling "Is this a joke, Zeddmore? I don't

think it's funny, buddy. I was having the most excellent dream about some crunchy peanut butter!" He also threatened to hit me with a clothes horse. Using a handy peg-bag as cover, I tried to explain the situation to Peter, but he didn't seem very receptive. Shame the same couldn't be said for Ray's satellite dish.

About then, I realised I couldn't hear Peter any more. That was because there was the most colossal explosion from next door.

*Friday, 3rd August 1990*

Egon explained that Peter's shouting had brought him down out of the lab in time to witness what was going on in the lounge and do something about it. He described his actions as a 'sophisticated technological solution to the problem'. Actually he knocked the satellite dish off the wall with a sledge hammer, but it worked. According to Egon, the spooks were the dregs of the monsters we'd protonically reversed over the years, lingering in the upper atmosphere in a kind of proton layer. The satellite had given them the ideal opportunity to reassemble and wreak revenge on the guys that blasted them to bits i.e. us. Peter and I had just finished shaking our heads in amazement when Ray stirred and woke up from where he was sprawled on the goo-stained sofa. "That was great . . ." he yawned. "I guess I found the horror movie channel. Say what, you guys, shall we see what's on the other side?"

"Sorry, Ray," smiled Egon. "It's close-down."

"Yeah," I added as Peter and I carried the broken TV out to the trash. "This set's busted."



# ICEBOX DEMON

This particular freezer phantom was responsible for haunting the entire Ghostbusters' kitchen. As soon as they opened the fridge door, The Real Ghostbusters were sucked inside and left to fight off the revolting vegetables in their shrunken state. They had to fight the fat, vanquish the veg and suppress the depressing salad dressing before they came up against the really hard stuff – the cheese. Once

they had busted the bacon, they were faced with a more chilling threat – The Demon of the Icebox. A real cool customer if ever there was one, this frozen fiend wanted vengeance for never being cleaned out and being stuffed full of junk food. The Ghostbusters soon gave him a quick defrosting when they melted him down with their Proton Guns, and discovered Mr Cool had become a bit of a drip!



# CLASSIFIED

Match 12

MAIL  
ORDER

## Joke Shop By Post

FREE!

Britain's No.1 Joke Catalogue, packed with over 500 practical jokes from 5p.

Whoopee cushion, wobbly lager glass, Skeletons, snakes, spiders, squirt toilet, rotten teeth, pepper chewing gum, loaded dice, trick golf ball, sneezing/itching powder, sticky ball, water bombs, luminous paint, x-ray specs, wiper specs, laxative tea bags, joke blood, sick mess, soap sweets, wet jokes, exploding jokes, magic tricks, party fun kits, masks, make up, sea monkeys, slime-in-a-pot, water machine-guns, posters, badges. Plus lots of pop and football bargains. The complete Joke Shop by post. Send second class stamp with your name and address for bumper colour catalogue and Free Gift to: MATCHRITE, The Funny Business (Dept. YK), 167 Winchester Road, Bristol, BS4 3NJ.

SHOPS

## NOSTALGIA & COMICS

14-16 SMALLBROOK QUEENSWAY,  
BIRMINGHAM B5 4EN,  
ENGLAND  
(021) 643 0143  
12 MATILDA STREET  
(OFF THE MOOR)  
SHEFFIELD  
(0742) 769475

Now at two locations we are still supplying the widest possible range of American & British merchandise. Always quantities of back issue, current and import comics available. SF/Horror plus general film magazines and books kept in stock.

All shops open six days a week. Lists of wants with S.A.E. or telephone enquiries about goods on mail order always welcome.

Another  
World

OPEN 6 DAYS 9.30 - 5.30

Fantasy  
World

OPEN 6 DAYS 10.00 - 5.30

Two great city centre shops with 2 floors each giving you the widest choice anywhere of American comics, Film, TV, Horror material, Role playing games, Science Fiction, Fantasy Paperbacks, T-shirts, Rock, Pop memorabilia, Posters Etc. We carry extensive back issues of comics and magazines.

## THE MOVIE STORE

Send large SAE for our comprehensive Bi-monthly news magazine and catalogues of Dr Who, Star Trek, Gerry Anderson, Blake 7 etc. Magazines, books, annuals, stills, posters, toys, models, miniatures, games, T-shirts, collectables, Star Wars items, videos, S/T/tracks.

The Movie Store  
Dept DW, 7 High Street, Twyford,  
Berk RG10 9AB  
Tel: 0734-342098

Shop open 9.30-7pm Mon-Sat

## Sheffield Space Centre

33, The Wicker,  
Sheffield S3 8HS  
Telephone: Sheffield 758905

We stock a large selection of SF/Fantasy paperbacks, American comics, Portfolios, Magazines etc

Open - Monday, Tuesday, Thursday,  
Friday 10am - 5pm. Saturday 9am  
Closed Wednesday. SAE for list.



## MEGA-CITY

18 INVERNESS ST.  
CAMDEN TOWN, LONDON NW1  
(Turn right out of Camden Town Station), Inverness is first on left,  
off High St)  
071-485 9320

Open 7 days a week 10am-6pm

Over 900 sq. ft. of comics,  
science-fiction horror and film & tv.  
'London's best back-issue selection'  
*London Evening Standard*  
FOR MAIL ORDER CATALOGUE  
Send Two 2nd Class Stamps

## EVENTS

### SHEFFIELD COMIC MART

Saturday, 1st September

Polytechnic Main Hall, Howard St, Sheffield

### MANCHESTER COMIC MART & FILM FAIR

Saturday, 8th September

Parks Hotel, Corporation Street, Manchester  
Britain's top dealers selling thousands of comics - back issues, new imports (Marvel, DC etc), tv/film magazines, books, videos, games, posters & all kinds of sf/fantasy material. Open: Midday. Full details (see):

Golden Orbit, 18 Nelson Street, York YO3 7NJ

American and British Comics.  
SAE (24p Stamp) for 38 page catalogue of 100,000 Comic-Books. Marvel, D.C., 2000AD. Also sold, plastic bags for comic protection.

The Comics  
Mail Order Specialist  
(JUSTIN EBBS) JUST COMICS  
2 Crossmead Avenue,  
Greenford, Middlesex  
UB6 9TY

## DR WHO FANS

Send a First Class Stamp for my latest list of Dr Who: Books, Annuals, Comics and Merchandise. Also subscription available for latest Paperbacks and Hardbacks. (I will buy Dr Who items as well) Blakes 7 and Avengers list also available.  
JOHN FITTON, 1, Orchard Way,  
Hensall, Nr. Goole,  
North Humberside, DN14 0RT.

## DOCTOR WHO

PAPERBACK - BACKNUMBERS  
60 PENCE EACH

LARGE SELECTION OF DOCTOR WHO PAPERBACKS AT SILLY PRICES  
SEND 50 PENCE FOR LIST  
BURTON BOOKS, 20 MARINE COURT,  
MARINA, ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA,  
EAST SUSSEX TN38 0DX

LOOK OUT FOR THESE AMAZING MARVEL GRAPHIC NOVELS  
MARSHAL LAW TRADE PAPERBACK  
CAPTAIN AMERICA  
SPIDERMAN SPIRITS OF THE EARTH  
AKIRA TRADE PAPERBACK  
PLUS MANY MANY MORE!  
FOR FURTHER DETAILS, CONTACT  
JANE SUMNER ON 071-497 2121

SHOPS

### The FINAL FRONTIER

43/44 Silver Arcade Leicester LE1 5FB  
29 St Nicholas Place, Leicester LE1 4LD  
Leicester's LEADING SF shops  
specialising in US imported comics - Marvel/  
DC etc, 2000 AD, JUDGE DREDD, S.F.,  
Fantasy, books magazines, STAR TREK & DR  
WHO material, badges, annuals, posters, ROLE  
PLAYING GAMES, MINIATURES and much  
more. WHY NOT PAY US A VISIT? Or send SAE  
for our catalogue.

Telephone enquiries also welcome  
(0533 514347) Visa & Access accepted.  
Open 9.30am-5.30pm Monday-Saturday

### WONDERWORLD

803 Christchurch Road,  
Boscombe, Bournemouth,  
Dorset  
Phone: 0202 422964

THIS SHOP IS A COMPLETE FANTASY! Not only do we stock the entire range of Marvel, DC, Epic, First, Eclipse and so on ... but we have THOUSANDS of back-issues plus Portfolios, Artwork, T-shirts, badges, Doctor Who gear, Dungeons and Dragons, Books, accessories. So why not visit us or send us your SASE? What's to lose?  
"NO SAE = NO REPLY"

# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

Part Two: The inhabitants of Toad Island are the peaceful descendants of sea-dwellers called the Deep Ones. But a new Deep One, Nogad, is forcing them back to the old, evil ways...

IN THE CAVERNS BENEATH THE TOAD ISLAND MIDWAY, NOGAD WELCOMES HIS NEWEST ARRIVALS.

PRETTY HUMANS,  
YOU DON'T KNOW THE  
HONOUR RESERVED  
FOR YOU!

WHY DO YOU  
CALL US  
HUMANS?

BECAUSE I  
AM DESCENDED  
FROM AN OLDER  
AND FINER SORT  
OF PIONEER!

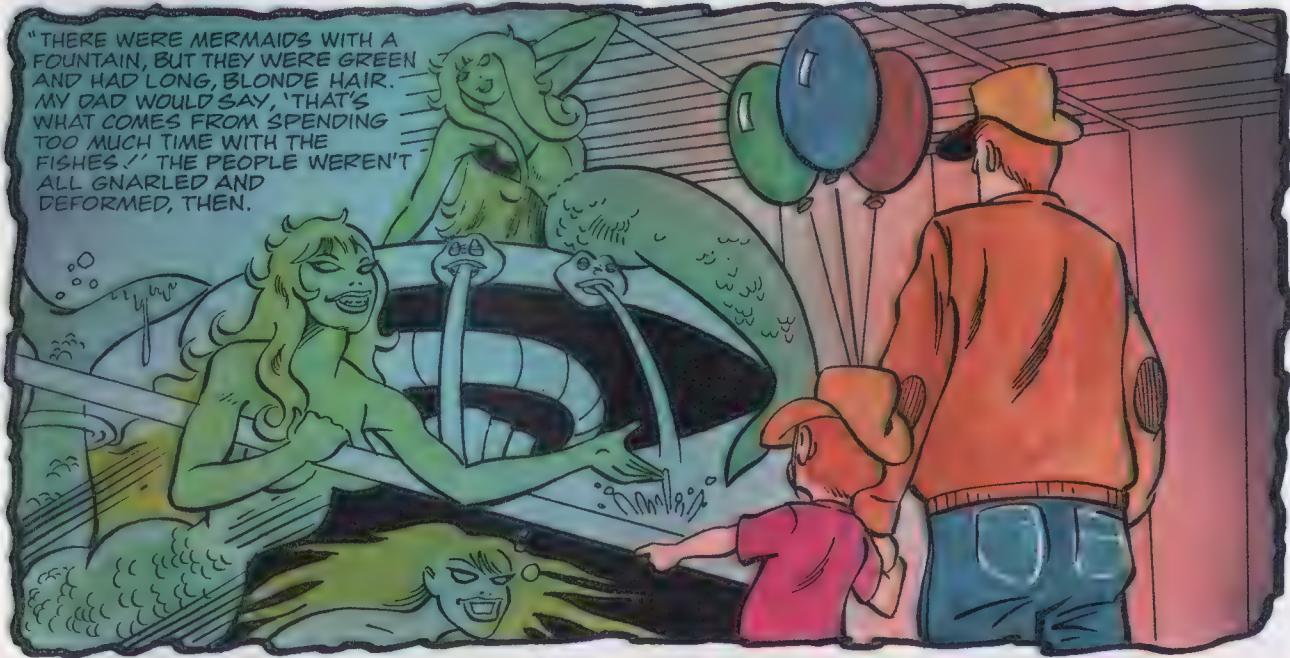
WHAT DO YOU  
WANT WITH  
US?

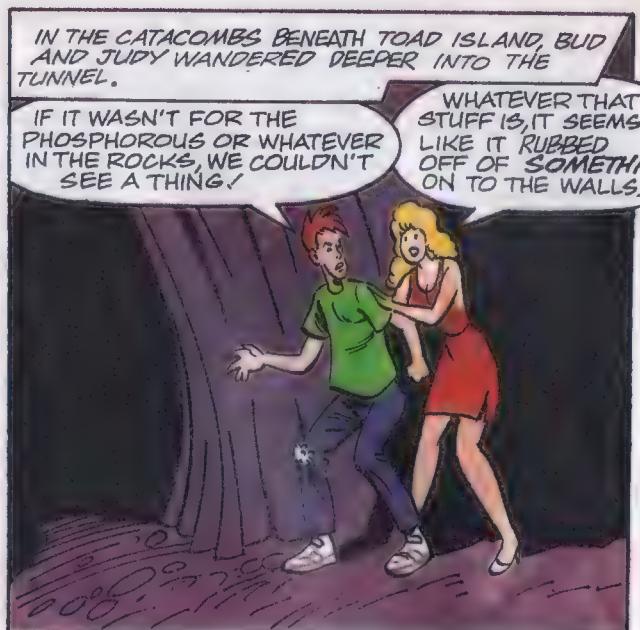
TO  
INTRODUCE  
YOU TO  
SOMEONE.

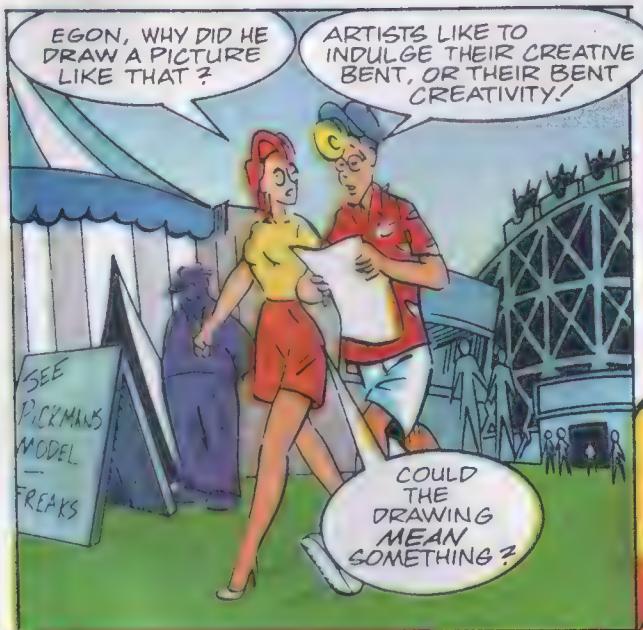
RELEASE  
THEM AND LEAD  
THEM THIS WAY!

DOWN THERE YOU WILL  
MEET THE MASTER  
OF US ALL-- THE  
DEEPEST  
ONE!









# SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**  
Marvel Comics Ltd  
13/15 Arundel Street  
London WC2



What is a monsters favourite ballet?  
*Swamp Lake!*

What kept Dracula's wife awake?  
*His coffin!*  
— Mark Sadler, Stourbridge

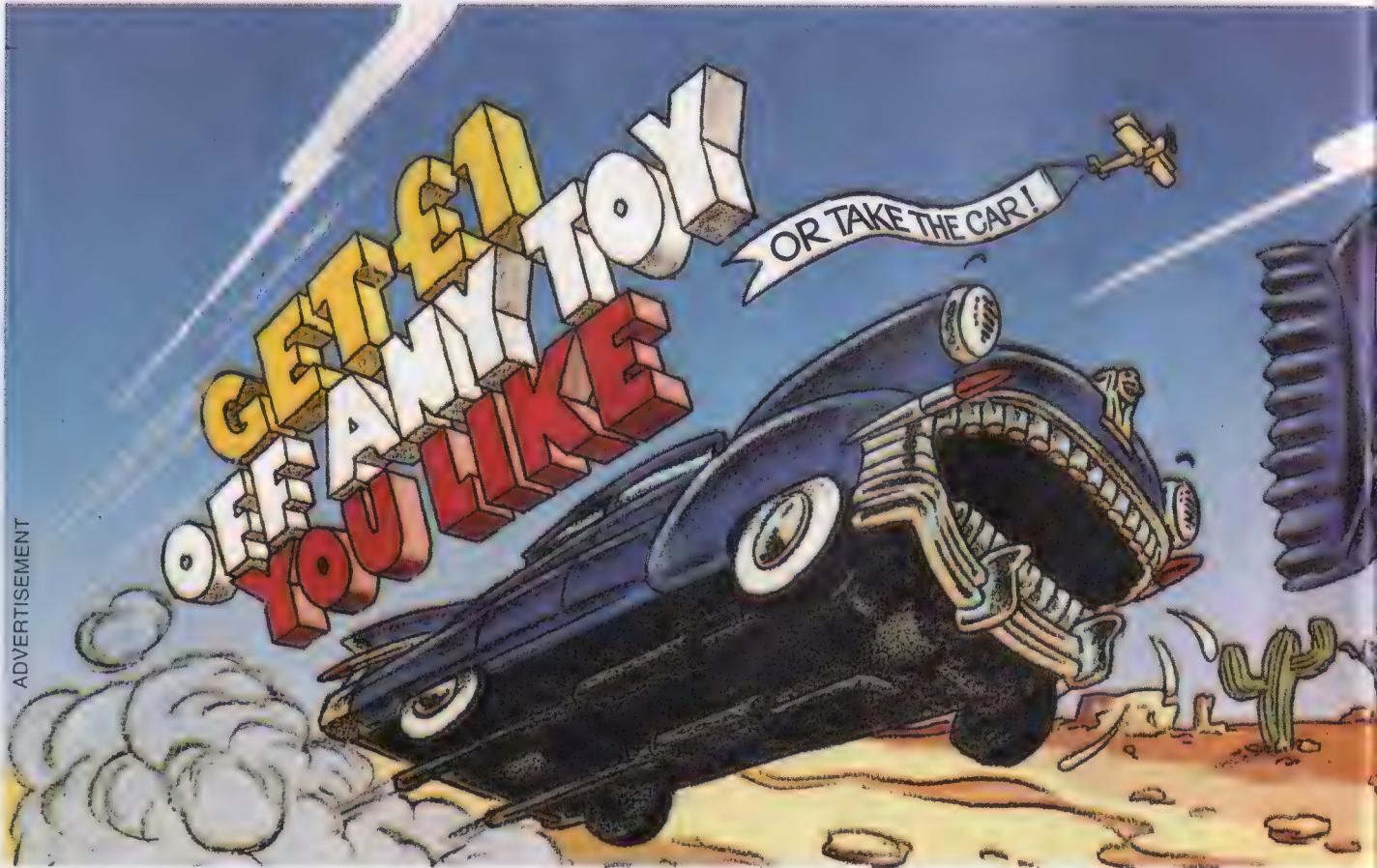
Why did the chicken cross the road a hundred times?  
*Because his braces got caught in the lamp-post!*  
— Matthew Jones, W. Glamorgan

Why do skeletons hate winter?  
*Because the cold goes right through them!*

— James Humphreys, Cambridge

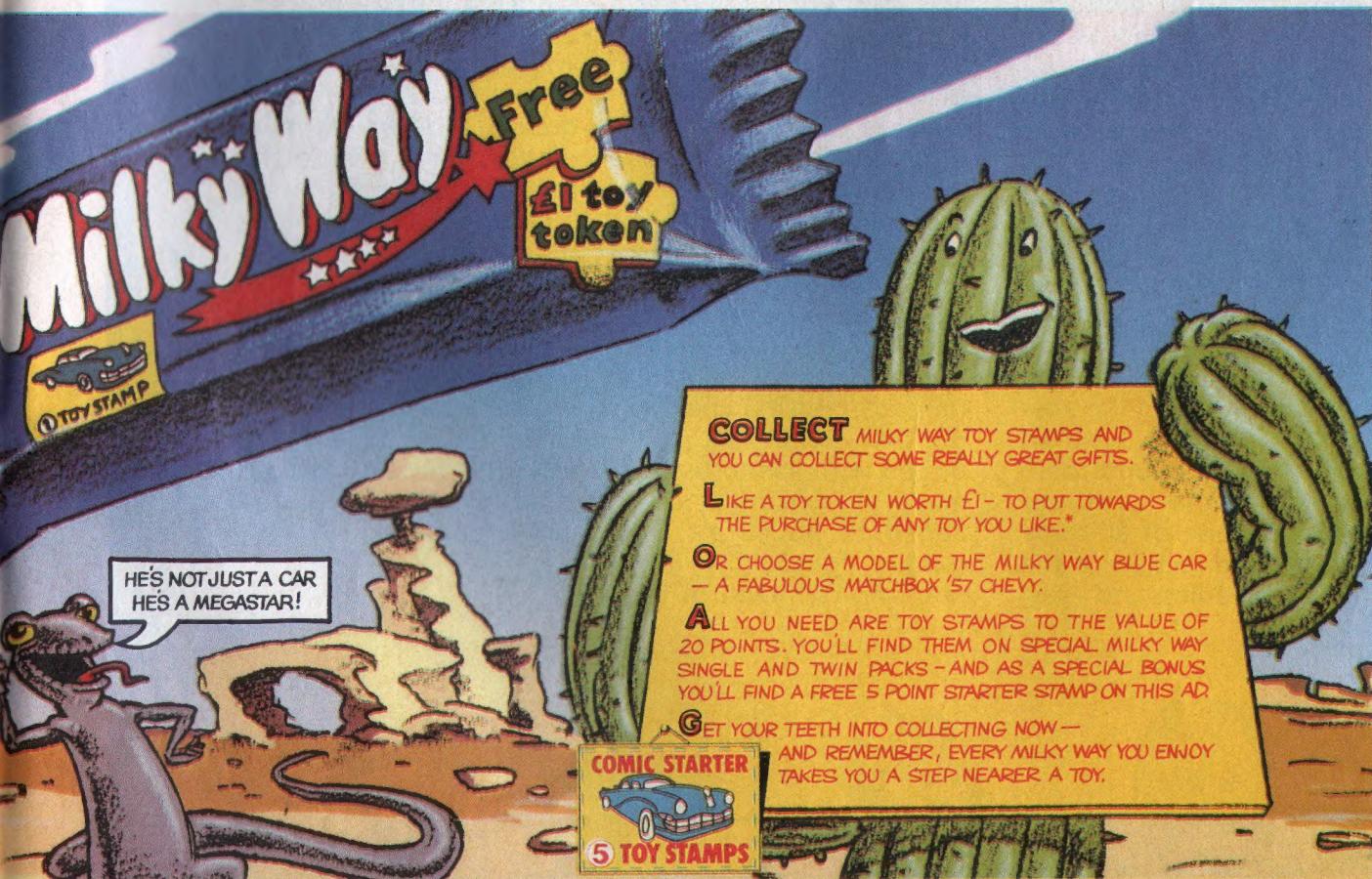
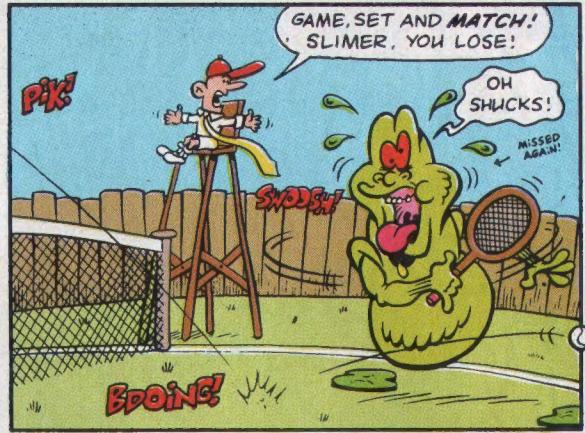
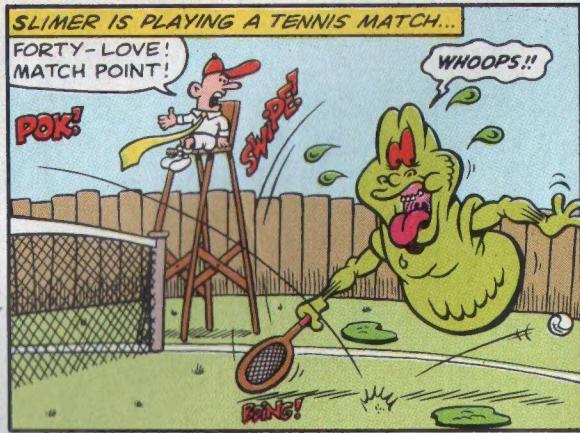
What do you call a man with a spade on his head?  
*Doug!*

What do you call a man without a spade on his head?  
*Doug-las!*  
— Richard McDonnell, Co. Antrim



ADVERTISEMENT

\*Send toy stamps to the value of 20 points together with your name, address, choice of gift (stating toy token or car), parent/ Only one 5 point comic starter stamp per application. Applications close 31.3.91.



guardians' written consent (if under 18 years) to Toy Token/Car Promotion, PO Box 123, Uckfield, East Sussex TN22 5UX. Tokens valid at participating stockists until 30.9.91. See pack for details.

# DEAD TRUE!



Just after the Walsingham family moved into the house of their dreams in the American state of Georgia, the rot began to set in. Their 'new' home had been built before the outbreak of the Civil War, in grounds which took in beautiful sprawling trees and colourful blossoms. This was the main reason why the family had fallen in love with the property, but their tranquil existence was to be short lived.

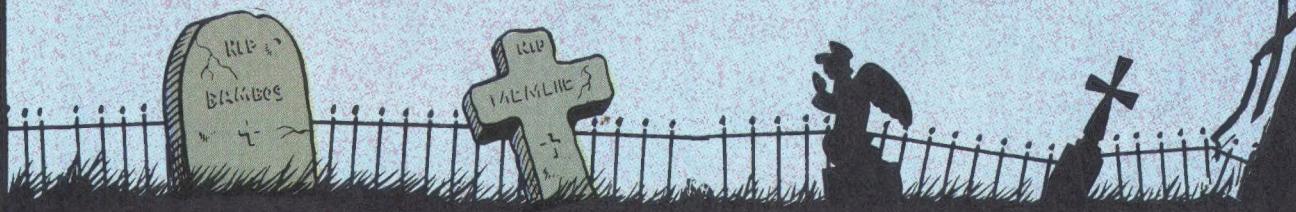
The first evening proved to be one of the most distressing that they had ever spent. Crockery was smashed, doors slammed, the doorbell rang repeatedly and the few bits of furniture they had moved in, were upturned. However, the most disturbing noise of all came from the direction of the attic. Needless to say,

nobody ventured up to investigate – they figured there had been enough frights for one day!

The next night, understandably, Mr Walsingham decided that he would rather spend time outside! He took a stroll through the beautiful gardens and relived the events of the previous evening in his mind. He was an open-minded fellow and hoped that the 'presence' would realise that he and his family brought only good intentions to their new surroundings. He began to feel almost confident that matters would now start to change for the better, when he happened to glance down at his shoes. A human footprint materialised in the mud next to his own feet and continued with every step he made. A piercing scream added to his horror. He quickly forgot his own fear and ran towards the

house where he discovered his daughter, Amelia, frozen with fear at her dressing table. After some coaxing, she explained that she had felt a hand on her shoulder, followed by the faint sound of cackling laughter. Mr Walsingham comforted his child as she remembered the ghastly sight she had witnessed after glancing into the mirror – the hand remained, but without any body!

The final straw came during a house-warming dinner party, where the guests discovered fresh bloodstains on the menu, literally! The sickening, crimson blotches appeared whilst the meal was being served. Most unappetising! The Walsinghams decided to move to some place where they wouldn't have to put up with any more unwanted dinner guests!



# GH~~O~~ST WRITING!



Here I go again, rummaging through another spooky collection of your terrifying letters!

Dear Peter...

Will you please answer my questions:

1. Will Slimer and Janine be Ghostbusters?
2. Were you, or any of the other Ghostbusters, scared of Mr. Stay-Puft?
3. Do you like football?
4. Have you still got ECTO-X?

—Anon, Chesterfield.

1. *They already are, Anon. They already are!* 2. *Me? Scared? Of course I wasn't! But the others were, they were really shaking in their boots!* 3. *Sure do, but we were a bit disappointed that our team got knocked out of the World Cup so early.* 4. *I think Egon has got him knocking around somewhere, maybe we'll be seeing some more of him. Who knows?*

Please could you answer these questions for me:

1. Is the dog in *Blimey! It's Slimer* any relation to the terror dogs in the film?
2. If you do this letters page, Winston does his diary, Egon does the Spirit Guide and Slimer handles the jokes, what do Ray and Janine do?
3. In *Blimey! It's Slimer*, why hasn't Wiz got any arms?
4. Don't you think it's about time you put a new picture at the top of this page?
5. Why is Slimer's tongue always sticking out in *Blimey! It's Slimer!*

—Jeremy Couldwell, Ripon.

1. *Maybe he's their brother-in-paw!* 2. *A good question. A very good question!* 3. *Well, that's magic for you. If I told you, it would totally spoil the illusion, wouldn't it!* 4. *No!* 5. *Because he's so rude!*

Could you each answer my questions:

1. Egon, have you ever trapped a warlord, and if so, what class was it?
2. Ray, how come in Issue ninety-nine's *Mammoth Tusk* you cross the streams, when you say you must never, ever, cross the streams?
3. Winston, which was the worst bust out of Krulafax and Croaklower?

—Robert Lee, Rochester

1. *Egon says: Mmm, most interesting. I believe we did once entrap a warlord, but I cannot remember what precise class it was. Upper, probably!*

2. *Ray says: A very good point, Robert, but there are times when you have no option but to panic – and that's when we cross the streams!* 3. *Winston says: I think I would have to say Croaklower, since he was hopping mad!*

Please answer my questions:

1. Why do you want to be a Ghostbuster?
2. Why don't Ray and Egon ever stop making things?
3. Why do you live in the HQ?
4. How come you are chasing ghosts every day?
5. Why don't you wear the same suits?
6. Why is the HQ so big?

—Matthew Owens, Bootle.

1. *Well, it's fun. It is scary, too, but at least it pays well.* 2. *Because we never know what we will be up against next. Anyway, it keeps them out of mischief!* 3. *You never know when you're going to get called out on a bust, so it's safer if we all stay there. Besides, I like to slide down the pole and I wouldn't get the chance if I lived at my apartment all the time.* 4. *There's just so many ghosts, we have to chase them every day otherwise you'd be inundated with them! And you wouldn't like that, would you?* 5. *Has your mother never told you about personal hygiene. I mean, one does have to change their clothing occasionally, especially if it's covered in slime!* 6. *Maybe you should talk to the guy who built it!*

Mr Rose

# GHOSTBUSTER BUST-UP!

IN JUST 7 DAYS



**DOLLOND &  
AITCHISON**



## SPECTACULAR SPOOKY READERS' OFFER!

**Dollond and Aitchison** – the high street opticians have launched a new exclusive range of kids' spectacles based on **The Real Ghostbusters**, to help children spy those ghoulies and ghosties that lurk in the shadows.

To make specs-wearing even more fun, D&A has designed a unique case based on the walkie-talkie pouch that the Ghostbusters wear on their belts. Complete with belt clip, the cases are free with the glasses, but there are fifty cases to give away and all you have to do is write your name, age and address on the back of a postcard, or envelope, and send it to: **Real Ghostbusters Specs Offer, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2R 3DX**. The first fifty drawn on **Friday, 24th August 1990** will each receive a case.

